BOOK REVIEWS

HOWELLS BEGAN AS A POET

ABOUT AUTHORS

Hamlin Garland and Robert Frost Place High Value on Novelist's Verse

IN response to the request of the Academy of Arts and Letters that he speak on Howells as a poet, Robert Frost began a letter to me with the following lines:

"I am tempted to accept your invitation for the chance it would give me, the only one I may ever have, to discharge in downright prose the great debt I owe Howells. Howells himself sent me 'The Mother and the Father' after he saw my 'North of Boston.' His beautiful blank verse, just what I should have known from his prose he would write.

"My obligation to him, however, is not for the particular things he did in verse form, but for the perennial poetry of all his writing in all forms. I learned from him a long time ago that the loveliest theme of poetry was the voices of people. No one ever had a more observing ear or clearer imagination for the tones of those voices. No one ever brought them more freshly to book. He recorded them equally with action, indeed as if they *were* action."

It is along this line that Mr. Frost will speak at the Howells memorial meeting in the Public Library on March 1, and it gives me a peculiar pleasure to have him confirm my own feeling with regard to Howells's poetry. Beginning in imitation of Spanish or German models, he achieved a very individual and hence American quality. From compressed and lovely little lyrics in the manner of Heine, he passed to longer narrative poems in the measure of Longfellow, but soon after his settling to work in Cambridge he wrote "What the Oriole Sings" and "Mulberries," which have their own music and their own simplicity of diction. Later he wrote a series of very sad but very beautiful poems, which came together at last as "Stops from Various Quills," but in the long poem called "The Mother and the Father," a most poignant expression of the exquisite joy and the bitter sorrow of parenthood, he reached his most individual blank verse form. It is to this poem that Mr. Frost refers.

It was to emphasize this too little known side of Howells that we approached Mr. Frost, and it is a source of deep gratification to the officers of the academy that he is able to come and present something which he holds very close to his heart.

Hamlin Garland

Mr. Garland has received also a letter from Anna Catherine Markham, secretary of the Poetry Society of America and wife of the poet. We are permitted to quote these lines:

"Mr. Markham dedicated his latest book of verse to Mr. Howells:

" 'To that lover of Justice and Brotherhood
Who has had the courage
To take unprofitable risks;
To that writer who wears the greatest honor
And bears the greatest name
In our contemporary letters—
William Dean Howells.'

"This came to Mr. Howells in the book as he lay dying and seemed to touch him deeply. Among the last letters he ever wrote was one to Mr. Markham regarding the book, saying: 'I shall love it, love it, and soon hope to be able to praise it adequately.' "

Howells's own story of the waking of the poetic faculty in him and of his first efforts in verse is given in his "Days of My Youth" (Harper), from which the following passages are quoted:

"Perhaps there was already in my early literary preferences a bent toward the reality which my gift, if I may call it so, has since taken. I did not willingly read poetry, except such pieces as I memorized: little tragedies of the sad fate of orphan children and the cruelties of large birds to small ones, which brought the lump into my throat, or the moralized song of didactic English writers of the eighteenth century, such as 'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.' That piece I still partly know by heart; but history was what I liked best, and if I finally turned to fiction it seems to have been in the dearth of histories that merited reading after Goldsmith's Greece and Rome; except Irving's 'Conquest of Granada,' I found none that I could read.

* * *

"In my leisure from the printing office I was, in fact, cultivating a sufficiently thankless muse in the imitation of Pope and Goldsmith, for in me, more than his other children, my father had divined and encouraged the love of poetry; but in reproducing his poets, as I constantly did, to his greater admiration than mine, I sometimes had a difficulty which I did not carry to him. There is no harm in now submitting it to the reader, who may have noted in his own case the serious disadvantage of writing about love when he had as yet had no experience of the passion."

* * *

Speaking of himself in the third person he writes:

"The 'Iliad' he found tiresome and noisy; and if the whole truth must be told, as I have understood it, he liked 'The Battle of the Frogs and Mice' best of all the Homeric poems. It was this which he imitated in a burlesque epic of 'The Cat Fight,' studied from nature in the hostilities nightly raging on the back fences; but the only surviving poem of what may be called his classical period, as the poets of it understood Queen Anne's age, is a pastoral so exactly modelled upon the pastorals of the great Mr. Pope that but for a faulty line here and there and the intrusion of a few live American birds among the stuffed songsters of those Augustan groves, I do not see how Mr. Pope could deny having written it."

Howells at Columbia

By ROBERT J. COLE.

IN the late nineties a literary society was organized at Columbia and named "King's Crown" for the iron relic of the days before the Revolution. The society invited, one after another, the more distinguished authors living in New York to give us talks on literary topics. After the address the lion would descend from his roaring platform and sit down meekly with the lambs.

At these "after meetings," of course, it was the men who made no effort to live up to our ideal of their brilliance who left the best impression. And Howells was one of them. I don't remember anything remarkable from his personal talk.

What does remain clear in the mind after all these years is the strange figure of speech he used in his address to describe his purpose as a writer. He told of an admiring visit to the Gettysburg cyclorama. The visitor goes inside a tower or cylinder of canvas upon which has been painted a continuous picture of the battle. The ground of the painting's lower edge is continued by actual sod out to a railing which keeps back the spectator.

"It was very well done," said Howells—this is quoted from memory—"but no one had any doubt as to the dividing line where the canvas met the ground. Now I have been trying all my life to paint reality so that my picture should extend without a break from earth to canvas. But I never was able to persuade myself that it was not perfectly plain just where the grass and sticks and stones left off and the paint began."

There was an effect of profound, unaffected pathos in these words. In a sense they express the consciousness every creator feels of the element of failure in his best work. In another view, however, the use of such a figure throws light on Howells's critical theories. He seems to have been needlessly troubled throughout his career by intellectual ogres.

His view of realism was not wholly unlike the religion of the Puritans—a mixture of nobility and narrowness. But, happily for us, his practice was better than his preaching. I like to think of such perfect examples of his untroubled art as "April Hopes" and "Indian Summer," studies of the seasons of life in which the characters walk in the very air of spring and autumn. Here is no futile struggle to join art with life. They are two streams, forever separate and forever parallel, like the waters in Dante's Paradise.

Nobody could love Dante as Howells did and be as uncompromising a realist as he thought he ought to be. And if any one else had done it he would have seen the exquisite irony of his complaint about the Vierge illustrations of Don Quixote, that they were too realistic! Perhaps he did see it. Part of his gift was the dauntless courage with which he faced, in others or in himself, the ironies of life.

The birthday of the distinguished American author, who died last year, will be celebrated in the New York Library on March 1 by the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

He Wanted Our Young Academy To Undertake an American Dictionary

By Dr. W. E. GRIFFIS.

I HAVE often wondered how the worthies of antiquity would look to me had I the chance to sit opposite or alongside them at dinner—not all at one time, however! Stripped of their nimbus and every one of the accessories that make them loom so grandly, such as their niches in facades of grand edifices, their effigies in marble, bronze or stained glass, or their portrayal in theatrical and romantic pose and apparel and no longer impersonated by others, how would they look?

How, indeed, would they talk—even supposing their seatmate was not wooden, an ignoramus, an old public functionary, a pragmatic shopkeeper, a radical reformer, a hobby reader, a creature of one idea or a believer in blue laws—whether these last were real statutes or forgeries?

When my quondam friends, Froude and Freeman, were tilting with their goose quills over Caesar and Cicero in the *Saturday Review* I was surprised that these old Romans did not merely turn in their coffins—as even perhaps they did—but rise also out of their graves to pull the noses of both Britons.

Freeman one night while a guest in my house, told me that when he was at Tusculum in Italy, with his friend Anthony Trollope the two stood together on the hill and in unison cursed Froude.

Or, coming to more modern instances, how often, at "the movies" I have inwardly exclaimed: O History, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Well, to see William Dean Howells in the flesh in 1899, at dinner and to chat with him across the table, something like forty years after a first interview with him in his books, was my joyful experience.

In the infant days of the National Institute of Arts and Letters we used to meet in the hall of the Aldine Club on Fifth avenue. There were present usually a dozen or two of us, instead of the hundred or more now. Among them were President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, Mark Twain of Hartford, Brander Matthews; the genial editor, Hamilton W. Mabie; the delightful Southern novelist, "Hop" Smith and others. This was even before the days of the formation, by choice of the members of the institute, of the academy. Of the seven original members—nucleus of a noble fellowship now numbering fifty—Howells was one and perhaps the first. At any rate, he was immediately made president.

Now, on March 12, 1901, when I first saw and met the man soon to be saluted as "The Dean of American Letters" I had a double consciousness. I saw, sitting in the chair, a presiding officer whose identity was not at first recognized. On my initial glance I thought that the gentleman with white hair and mustache, incarnation of grace, dignity, tact and grandfatherly benevolence, as he was—to say nothing of his manifest perfection as master of parliamentary law—must be some French count invited as a guest. Yes, to be childlike and bland in my confession of ignorance and innocence, I could almost have taken oath that here was the avatar of some *emigre* nobleman of 1793. It might even be a stray aide of Rochambeau or Lafayette, about whom my Valley Forge ancestors used to tell me. But even before I asked my seatmate, Woodrow Wilson, who the presiding officer might be I had made up my mind that he was a man of high culture and fine breeding. He had been born and lived in an atmosphere of books and intellectual and social refinement. Evidently, also, he was the outcome of a long line of ancestors who loved the humanities. Even after seven years of social hospitality in Boston, among both literary moths and immortals, I had never received such an impression of personality as that first view of Howells in Aldine Hall.

But in less than an hour afterward, still playing the impresario, I had another psychological thrill. Most frivolously I began to think of my Indian contemporary Mr. "Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses."

And why?

No one could know Howells in his person, in his mind, in his easy manner, or in his books, without being aware of his intense realism. He knew the American and what was in him, whether at home, abroad, on the frontier, or in the city, as well as in every age, from Plymouth Rock to Mr. Bryan, and on every rung of the social ladder.

The National Institute, then a mere cloud, was liable to take as many shapes as Polonius of old could discern. Howells, having entered its still nebulous haze, feared, like Moses of old. The institute had, for a baby, a colossal name, but it had as yet done nothing to justify or even adorn that name. Meanwhile, the world was waiting. Would the mountain bring forth a *ridiculus mus?* What if the funny man should get hold of it and, as a terrier a mouse, shake and toss away? Here was "a fearful responsibility." What if some Washington Irving should arise to transfix it with a goose quill and make of it a caricature as gross and as laughter provoking as Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of the Dutch Dynasty? What if the gods should hold both their sides, as they jested over a Yankee republic incubating an institute, to say nothing of an Academy of Arts and Letters? Was this a case of self-made immortals aping Paris and eternal France? Would America become "the vassal of Europe"? Would a frog try to puff itself into the dimensions of an ox? Howells himself expressed such fears.

Hold! Within a decade the French Academy did actually commission and send, writing a new page of history, a delegate to the meeting at the Ritz-Carlton in New York. The scholar and critic Brieux, in his civic embroidered olive green uniform and dress sword, brought the greetings of both the Republic and the French Academy.

But what did the alert sentinel Howells propose while on the firing line in the American trenches awaiting the possible onset of the wits and the funny men? It was nothing less than the making of an English grammar. The book was to bear the imprint of the Institute. None of your Lindley Murray's aping of English gradgrinds! No, but a real grammar of American speech and writing! And there, before him, he thought, sat able scholars, at once jaunty and competent, who could make it. They would expose Britticisms while revealing the riches of the American tongue.

The discussion, thus precipitated with suddenness, ended less in a defeat than in a drawn battle. Rather Scotch in its verdict! It was "not proven" that the Institute in its cradle days ought to make the attempt. Besides, who wanted to volunteer for the job?

So President Howells accepted the issue—with a resignation that bordered on the Christian phase. Patience took her seat on the monument smiling at grief. I shall never forget that look. As with Whittier's Stonewall, "A shade of sadness . . . over the face of the leader came." The little flag had been waved and the cry of loyalty to American letters raised—only to meet a veto volley. Nevertheless every one present, then and thereafter, felt that he "who touches a hair of yon grey head" should "die like a dog." Then the Institute marched on and soon—a few months later—the man defeated at this Frederick episode of the Institute dinner, yet best beloved of all the members, sat crowned with the presidency of the newly formed Academy.

On later occasions we had the delight, besides informal chats at dinners, of hearing Howells address us all. Then he defended the selective process by which the Institute had been formed—by evolution and the choice of others; that is, from the members of the American Social Science Association in 1898 and the creation in due time, according to the fundamental law in its charter, of the Academy.

A few years later, by previous unanimous choice, the seventh medal and the initial one for fiction struck by the Institute and designed by one of its members, was awarded the great realist at its meeting in Boston. Howells could not be present on account of sickness, but Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, in choicest diction and with felicitous manner, set before us most vividly "Howells, the Literary Artist."

Truly, artist Howells was, from first to last—from log cabin to New York residence and from the boy rhymester, who in his father's printing office in Ohio set his own verses in type, until the day of triumph when draughtsmen and colorists found joy in lending their genius to illustrate his books.

The Ancestors of the Novelist Were Quakers That Came From Wales

Ever the artist and the realist were as Siamese twins, born with an equal inheritance. What was Howells's heredity? What, as seen from the Ohio frontier, was the "old land, our [his] fathers held so dear?"

Ask history and her lips respond—the same that produced the three great prophets of our spiritual liberty, three-fourths of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and possibly one-fourth of all the colonists usually called "English." The same blood as theirs mingled with other strains in eight of the Presidents. What but Wales—which sent us across the sea Roger Williams, William Penn and Thomas Jefferson? The great-grandfather of Howells, a Welsh Quaker, we are told, introduced into his home town the manufacture of the flannel for which Wales is famous. Then, with democratic tendencies, he crossed the Atlantic and settled in Ohio. Howells's father, who was a printer and newspaper publisher, had a library very rich in poetry, while in his home fine manners were reckoned as assets more to be desired than cash.

When Lincoln was nominated, the young man, William Dean Howells, wrote a campaign biography, which netted him $160. How like a youth full of literary ambitions to make quick investment in a programme which did indeed make the greenbacks disappear, but enriched brain and heart while laying in abundant provisions for the mind! With this Lincoln viaticum he made a trip to Boston and Montreal, seeing the world in the best way. In Boston he met Longfellow and J. R. Lowell, then the editorial magnate of the magazine whose history is in itself an American Academy of Letters, and of which he was afterward to be the editor for years.

From the very first this boy, whether at home or abroad, roughing it in the forest, moving in the crowded city or shut up in an office, ever cultivated the art of seeing things. Most human beings are more or less like idols, they have eyes but they see not.

Even the sisters of the human family acknowledge that Howells tells us more about the ins and outs of womankind than any other fictionist.

His Realism First Showed Itself in His Early Book on Venice

Many are the rewards to the diligent author, apart from publishers' checks or the coin of the commonwealth. Fortune favored the brave. For his Lincoln biography he was made United States Consul at Venice. Here he used his eyes, to note what was immediately before him, rather than to peer into ghostland or set down romance and tradition. With his pen he pictured in choice phrase the Venice of the nineteenth century. Indeed it was probably the success won from his "Venetian Days" that initiated him, while his "Italian Journeys" confirmed him, in being not only a professed realist, but even a defiant champion and hardened veteran in chronic defence of realism. Forgotten may now be his charges, lance thrusts and battle blows from the Editor's Study and Editor's Easy Chair in *Harper's*, but they were certainly polemic.

No conclave or consistory at Rome, no deliverance from Canterbury, no Synod or General Assembly, or Saybrook Platform defined with more amplitude or precision, or dulness, or more dogmatically, what was "necessary to faith" than did Howells, who laid down what was orthodoxy in fiction.

Perhaps the war never will end between the idealists and romancers and the realists. Possibly it ought not to cease, for we need both, and each should be kept in fighting trim. Certainly Howells led the hosts on our soil, who make of realism a discipline of life, as well as their path and goal.

Indeed we are not certain but that Howells influenced also the study of history and raised up a school of realists in historiography, without, however, the happiest results. One sees to-day a dumping ground very rich in the output of history of the sort that professors write, and which is of enormous area. The filling up of this space began from the era of "Venetian Days." Howells printed the chapters of this book on Venice first in England and won recognition there. His was so totally different from such books as Hare and Ruskin or sentimental tourists wrote that some of the English critics declared that such naked realism made even a more pleasing appeal to the imagination. At this the American probably rubbed his hands in glee. At any rate we find henceforth this strain and method not only in his numerous books of travels but in his novels, which number scores.

Returning to his native shores, he spent some time in New York journalism—for he had the knowledge, then greatly in demand, of European literature and politics. Going to Boston and on the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he was later for several years its editor. He was also of the coterie that met at Longfellow's house to comment on the poet's translation of Dante. Meanwhile Howells studied Spanish, and then, in 1877, came out his initial novel, "Their Wedding Journey."

It was in feudal and interior Japan, without a white man within 200 miles, that I had read in order the previous American writers of fiction—Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe. But when Howells's novel came—how different the note! No halo of European legend, no idealization of the sons of the forest, no figures or voices from Puritan ghostland, no chamber of horrors or Raven over the bust of Pallas!

Reading Howells After Hawthorne, Poe and Cooper Brought a Shock

What commonplace stuff in this new writer, Howells! Digestion, sausage, crackers, twiddle-twaddle of small folk in vapid conversation on ordinary levels, railroad fares, hotel squabbles and overheard conversation of commercial victor and vanquished! Were Americans all so ordinary, even to banality?

Verily such realism was at first as disenchanting as the "Oriental" magnificence long read about or seen on stage or in haze of idealization, but now looked at all around one at closer range and behind the stage.

Yes, true! The first reading of Howells was a shock, even while luring one to the finis. And then, also, what wholesome revelation to Europe—far surpassing in fact and truth Cooper, and the comet train of his flimsy imitators—of the real America! What revelations also to the Americans of their country and of themselves to themselves! What pictures of their hopes, fears and aspirations!

His novels soon began to fall like enriching raindrops on the thirsty earth—not that we read all by any means, life being too short and time too rich in opportunities of work and enjoyment elsewise and elsewhere. This brace of emotions mingled in at least one reader-dislike, even often to disgust, at the level earthiness of the talk, reproductions of things of which in daily contact with life I saw too much sometimes—yes, even to nausea. Nevertheless, underneath all one felt the pulses of joy, of hope, of pride in achievement and of longing for the higher things that possessed the Americans and their lover, friend and portrayer! Meanwhile and throughout, admiration for the artist was like that akin to the wonder inspired by a rainbow, or an Aurora, with curiosity as to how it was done. We felt as they who look on in the potter's or the sculptor's studio, when, out of common earth become plastic, things of fascinating, at times heavenly beauty, arose.

So Howells persevered in picturing what, to use his own phrase in "A World of Chance," was "native and indigenous." He resolved to depict "conditions strictly and peculiarly American." If he made even of himself a "spiritual nudity"—to quote him again, for his books are charged with force of autobiographical origin—he refused to be abashed. "Naked and not ashamed," he revealed his own soul and that of the average American.

Silas Lapham Was Easy to Find Walking the Streets of Boston

Howells was married at Paris, December 25, 1862, to Elinor G. Mead, sister of Larkin Mead the sculptor, and had one son and two daughters. Amazing industry and system, in a happy home, enabled him to pour out a stream of fiction during life and even to posthumous publication. Besides his novels were farces, plays, stories for children, works of biography and critical analysis, until few authors excelled him in voluminousness. He died May 10, 1920.

If my verdict is worth anything I name "A Hazard of New Fortunes" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham" as Howells's best in formal fiction, while of all his farces, plays and stories for children that about the little maid who wished that Christmas would come every day leads.

During seven years in Boston, enjoying richly its literary hospitality, how often I met that Mr. Lapham! There he was, in church and on the street and in evening amusement and company! Sometimes even I discovered him at those afternoon teas which Dr. O. W. Holmes described in terms of the three Gs, of tongue, palate and feet. There he was, I say, whether godly or godless, Puritan or pragmatic. He was usually the boy who had come from the country with a quarter in his pocket. Now he knew that God was good and the universe had worked for his benefit because he had become rich. He was "Orthodox" or "Liberal," as the case might be, but under all disguises of creed or clothing, whether of ass, wolf or sheep, the same Silas Lapham! When Col. Harvey gave his dinner in New York to all the Harper authors, but with first honors to the dean of American letters, how fitting in Robert W. Chambers to assume the garb, pose and gesture of Back Bay Silas, and in original verse to celebrate the creature while glorifying the Boston creator!

Well! "time was our tedious tale should here have ending." Whatever be the remorseless judgment which time may pass on Howells's work, this torch shall ever burn brightly from his tomb. He believed, unwaveringly, in h's country. His quality of Americanism is unchallenged. In this view his fame is impregnable before enemies or critical attacks and is proof against even convulsions in taste or society, for he set forth the truth. A veritable Puritan he was in faithfulness to his creed of realism. Nor, because he saw into and behind phenomena was he any the less faithful to the eternal verities upon which "change leaves no saddening trace." He who studies Howells may sometimes mourn the reality which he sees in men and the world, but he is not, because of his reading, any the less "obedient to the heavenly vision."

The Great Unpublished

BOOKS IN MANUSCRIPT. By Falconer Madan. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

WHEN I received the above book for review I felt that both a compliment and a sarcastic dig were intended; for all my books are still in manuscript. Which makes me both an authority on books that are born but that are not yet swaddled between covers and a "sharp" on the value of manuscripts.

But I see in looking through this volume that I am in some famous company. Along with my own books that have not seen the light of printer's ink is a manuscript of a story done on a false door of a tomb in the Gizeh Museum, near Cairo. It is an illustrated story in which a lady dressed in the altogether fashion of Trilby's time sits opposite a man who is the dead image of "Bugs" Baer. The O. Henry written around it was done about three thousand years before the tragic episode around Calvary and some five thousand years before the appearance of Voliva-Volstead. No publisher for it has been found up to this writing, although our friend, Horace Liveright, is looking into the matter.

In the Louvre, which narrowly escaped transportation to Berlin, is another unaccepted manuscript—the Papyrus Prisse. This was rejected by the Dodd, Mead & Co. of Alexandria, Egypt, about forty-five hundred years ago. It has been going the round of the publishers since then. It is a classic wheeze on how to be wise by the Dr. Crane of the age.

In Berlin there is a rejected manuscript by Timotheus, very old and extra dry. It is a woman's curse. She had Timotheus on her staff apparently, and he sent out a whizzer on woman's rights. Tim's writing is scraggly, and he probably spent his scrivener's obole at the corner tavern, for there are wine colored stains at the corners of the script.

In the National Museum of Naples we find a writer who did his income tax on a wax tablet—about 50 B. C. It is in Latin. The burden of the scribble is that he rendered unto Cæsar all that was Cæsar's, and what was left over he wore.

Old man Pliny's library of rejected masterpieces was hit hard by the blowing up of the stills on Vesuvius in 79 A. D. It is popularly known as the "Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer-Lytton. The flames fell on the Elder Pliny's doby and ruined a great many of his rejection slips. These were afterward dug out, and you can see them in the Italian museum.

There are many other famous manuscripts which never reached a publisher. Beowulf and Caedmon are among those that time has preserved in glass cases. It rather lightens my grief.

Many chapters in this book are calculated to make one sit up and think—if he is a reader. There is a chapter on the history of writing from the ancient hieroglyphics of King Send to the modern hieroglyphics of Harold Bell Wright. These two names, in fact, conclude a circle. They also prove in a manner the indestructibility of the nonsense instinct in man. King Send is still a puzzle to our wisest. Harold Bell Wright will always be. The ability to write, like the distribution of the divine fire, should have been in the beginning restricted to a few. Was it an all-wise Providence that put into the hands of every being born of woman the power of deforestation? What a squandering of woodpulp and brainpulp!

There is a chapter on literary forgeries in which one Chatterton is taken to task for perpetrating some Rowley poems on the world. Mr. Madan says it was a pity that such a bright, promising young man as Chatterton should have tried to hide his light under a Rowley, and he tells us—as though he had some doubts about it himself—that Doctor Johnson—that ethereal mastodon of English letters—admitted that this Thomas Chatterton was the most extraordinary young man that "had encountered his knowledge."

This gives us pause. If Doctor Johnson and Falconer Madan both agree on this 'tis meet that I look up this fellow Chatterton and find out who he really was. Maybe his real name was Tom Rowley. A belated literary adventure, indeed!

There is a fulgurating chapter on the errors of scribes. All scribes were notorious for the respectable lives they lived secretly. While at work in the Union squares of their day they joked and wassailed and sparked while plying their pens. It is thus that, like many an honest proofreader, they put doublets into masterpieces and planted semicolons where they should have inoculated the page with commas. Why, only lately we saw in a catalogue:

Mill on the Floss.....$2.00
" " Liberty $1.75

There is a chapter on "Illuminations." It is purely academic—and who of us believe in academic illuminations?

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Pilot's Story	8
Forlorn	13
Pleasure-Pain	19
In August	26
The Empty House	27
Bubbles	29
Lost Beliefs	31
Louis Lebeau's Conversion	39
Caprice	49
Sweet Clover	51
The Royal Portraits	54
The Faithful of the Gonzaga	59
The First Cricket	77
The Mulberries	79
Before the Gate	84
Clement	86
By the Sea	97
Saint Christopher	98
Elegy on John Butler Howells	100
Thanksgiving	105
A Springtime	106
In Earliest Spring	108

Contents page of a volume of his verse in which Howells wrote the place where each poem was composed, for his friend Hamilton Easter Field, by whose permission it is reproduced.